

Grim Chickens of Their Own Hatching, Now Come Home, Will Mete Out Ample Punishment to the German Military Caste.

THROUGHOUT the world has been growing and spreading the feeling that civilization owes it as a duty to administer personal punishment to the master minds of the German military machine, who plotted in cold blood the destruction of half the world, and who, in the same cold blood, marched their iron-shod millions across the bodies of the women and children of Belgium and France.

The conviction had been growing in the minds of men and women in this and other lands that the beings who brought on this war and who fought it so terribly on land and sea, in air and under sea, must not be permitted to escape without feeling, in a physical sense, the ghastly tortures they have inflicted upon many millions of their fellow men.

Just how strong this conviction had become can best be illustrated by the expressions of our women, here in America, the gentle sweet-tempered, kindly women in our homes. Have you not heard in YOUR home during the recent days the soft voice of a woman saying: "I shall not be satisfied until our armies shoot and burn a path across Germany to Berlin, so that the Germans may see and feel the sufferings and horrors they have wrought on Belgium and France?"

Such a course would have been an ugly duty. But little doubt remains, had the German military machine continued to resist, that that duty would have been performed with the thoroughness that marks ours and our allies' course in this war.

Now, however, the civilized peoples of the earth have been relieved of the ugly duty of personal punishment by the intervention of a Providence which, after all, is always watchful for the right.

Almost between two days the great Hun military machine breaks down. The grim chickens hatched by the flint-souled kaiser and his brood fly home to roost. Autocracy, efficiency, kultur blow up: Cannon fire is heard from Berlin; Soldiers, sailors, and workmen's committees take charge of the fragments of government that remain: The frontiers of Germany are closed; not to keep out an invading enemy, but to prevent the escape of officers of the army, officials of the imperial government, representatives of the military caste. William Hohenzollern flees over the border to seek refuge in Holland, not from his victorious enemies of other lands, but from the peoples he has tricked and foisted and used for his horrid ends.

Thus one of the responsibilities of civilization is taken from our shoulders. With the gruesome pictures of revolutionary Russia fresh in our minds, we need not doubt that the punishment of the Hohenzollerns and their advocates and followers will be thorough and complete.

What will come out of the chaos that until a few short weeks ago was the German empire? We can only guess. We know that our responsibilities are far from ended. We know that order and orderly government must be restored not only in Germany and Austria but in Russia as well, and that our duty is to aid in that restoration. We know that the women and children of the enemy countries,

now at the doors of winter, cannot be left to starve. Our duty will be to do whatever is necessary to aid in the restoration of order and the preservation of human life.

We know that autocracy has passed from the world forever, that finally out of the wreckage of Russia and the enemy empires will emerge order and peace and fair-dealing, between man and man and nation and nation.

The new day has dawned in Europe and a victory has been won, far greater than the defeat of the German military caste. That, after all, was accomplished largely from within. Power run wild wrecked Germany and pulled down her allies in the ruins.

Our victory is in the complete destruction of the theory and the system which made this power possible. Our responsibility will end only when reconstruction, permanent and enduring, has been achieved.

Italy Prepares for Peace

WE COULD not foresee the coming of the war but we do foresee the coming of peace and among our allies one nation at least is wisely making preparations for such a time. That nation is Italy.

The Italian government, according to a consular report of recent date, has already established a central and two auxiliary commissions to study and to formulate measures necessary to pass from a state of war to one of peace. The first sub-commission is to deal with administrative, judicial, and social questions, the second to treat industrial, commercial and agricultural problems.

The two sub-commissions will be subdivided into certain sections to be determined by the president of the Cabinet who with two chairmen of the sub-commissions and several directors of individual groups will constitute the central commission. Officials peculiarly fitted to discuss certain questions may be called to sit in counsel with the various sections of the sub-committees.

The central committee will draft the general program to be followed, apportion the questions to be treated by the sub-committees, examine the findings of the sub-committees and on the basis of their decisions draw up a general report of parliament.

The personnel of the committees and sections will be nominated by the president of the cabinet.

Even yet this nation could well afford to follow the example set by the fore-handed, far-seeing leadership of England, France and Italy. Doubtless the same common-sense, the same patriotism, the same union in the face of a crisis, that pulled us through the war, will pull us safely through the re-construction period. But insofar as we can eliminate the element of chance, just so far are we insuring ourselves against future dangers.

THE MOUSE CAVALIER

BY JOHN BRECK

THE mice have come in from the fields where they feasted merrily from planting to harvest time. They are many this year, being discontented with their old nests, and have built themselves undisturbed by flooded tunnels up to my stable door and fight with the sparrows for the morsels from the herd's feast, but their gray cousins, the house mice, prefer heated apartments, and the food I set out for the pugs.

Two youngsters have set up house-keeping in my study. Only youth could excuse their solecisms from accepted mouse manners. They will never reach old age unless they mend their ways.

Take, for instance, that affair of the bread and milk. Nancy, the dairymaid puppy, was offered her feed and let it in her bowl. Next morning my four were tracked with little padding paw marks. Not complete trails, for the hind feet left no print, but they had dipped their front ones deep fishes out each crumb, and carried it to the concealed storage behind my wood box. Now think of a mouse running carelessly about without stopping to clean its paws! Nancy found her suspect nest morning and ate with a vengeance, with a lesson to the mice.

Rowena is the warrior of the two. She is content to sulk tamely from her bower on a studious behind a knot hole in the mining while her lover braves the world. I am afraid it is the desire to seem heroic in her eyes which eggs him to such deeds of desperation as last night.

I was working in a moment when I planned to stop up a hole I heard her tiny

—yet she might well have been proud of that miraculous leap which landed her in the numerator. And here a remarkable thing happened. She took a mouse's point of view. Anyway I gently laid another piece of biscuit outside their hole to bolster any yard she chose to spin. And I hope my feline friend took the hint.

Little Stories for Bedtime



BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.

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THE SHADOW OF THE UNKNOWN

DID you ever notice how on a beautiful sunny day when the birds are singing it will happen that a cloud will pass across the face of jolly round bright Mr. Sun, casting a great shadow on the earth? And how when that shadow passes over them the birds will stop singing? Somehow a shadow like that seems to kill joyousness of the heart. As soon as it has passed joy returns once more.

But his little tail hung down in plain view. It was too tempting. I reached out to give it a tweak. It slipped through my fingers as he leaped for the safe haven of his hole. And oh, the poignant anguish of his eyes! My gallant lover, my bold cavalier betrayed the mouse's heart beneath his fur!

I hoped that Rowena had not heard

it was as if just such a great

shadow lay over the Green Meadows, the Old Pasture, the Green Forest, the Old Orchard and the Smiling Pool. The mice were beautiful, but none of the little people saw the beauty of them. There was no happiness. So far as they could everybody, little and big, seemed hideous. Even the deep depths of the Great Forest, Buster Bear, was uneasy and Lightfoot the Deer knew no peace. Prickly Porky the Porcupine, who as a rule fears nothing and nobody, was strangely nervous.

It was all because of that strange giant bird which had first frightened Beatty the Hawk and then Blacky the Crow, so no one had ever heard of such a bird, and the humming of it as it flew past filled with terror all who heard it. Whenever they could the little people got together and talked in whispers, looking up fearfully as they talked. It wasn't the size of this fearful bird so much as the fact that no one knew anything about it. You know it is the things that we know nothing about that frighten us most. Imagination makes them worse than they really are. So far this giant bird had hurt no one. It has been as harmless as the Albatross, the Barn Swallow. But no one felt sure that it would always remain so. No one could believe that one so big and swift of wing was not to be feared.

So the shadow of the unknown lay over the Green Forest and the Green Meadows during those beautiful fall days. Only at night was



there freedom from it. It came about that those who can hunt by day or night and others hunting at night and remaining silent in the daytime. Those who hunt only at night went about as usual, and those who hunt only by day hunted no more than they absolutely had to, and then did they hasten to keep out of sight.

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Life's Darkest Moment.

By Webster



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THE DAY A REG'LER OFFICER SHOOK HANDS WITH YOU AND NOT A SOUL WAS AROUND TO SEE HIM DO IT —

GERSEY

he has yielded to such impulses. This is for the reason that during or after an epileptic seizure there may develop a curious state of waking unconsciousness. The patient then seems to be in possession of his faculties. He acts and talks rationnally enough. Yet actually he is like a man walking in his sleep and has no little knowledge of what he is doing.

In epilepsy it often happens that there is a gradual decline in mental power. Following a decline in will power, the moral sense becomes blunted, and self-control weakened.

Under such conditions irritability and impatience become heightened. In the grip of an epileptic fit, the patient becomes extremely irritable.

He may suppose that epilepsy is an important factor in the causing of criminality. There are many now in prison who would be found, on close examination, to be victims of this bad disease.

Obviously these men should not be treated as though fully responsible for their misdeeds. And it is equally wrong and foolish to send them back into the community when their prison terms have expired.

For epilepsy is of a curable kind there will always be the danger of later attacks, with a recurrence of criminal conduct.

The problem is further complicated by the fact that the unfortunate criminal epileptic sometimes, not merely unable to control impulses to wrongdoing, but does not even know when

these men should be committed to prison.

After he passed out of this condition and was told about this he said he had no recollection of it whatever which he believes to be true.

Of course, not all epileptic criminals may likewise plead lapses of memory in an effort to escape the consequences of their crimes. But this does not lessen the responsibility of legal officers to deal justly with the criminal epileptic.

And just deserts means not punitive imprisonment, but special medical treatment of lifelong custodial care, according to the character of the epileptic as determined by careful scientific examination.



BY FRAZIER HUNT

IN some of these little villages that were captured from the Germans, we found French people who have been living in them through all these bombardments and shellings and fighting. They don't want to leave—they only wanted to stay on

in the little home where they had spent all their lives.

Some of them had never been twenty miles away from their village. It was the only world they knew, and as long as their house had a stone left it was home to them.

For weeks and months many of them had been living in cellars, under

—By POP.

the man is honest even in the dark, and when he seems to lose by it, for he is just as certain it will pay in the long run as the sun will rise tomorrow.

Faith, the kind we are talking about, means that justice is invariably the best.

That kindness and self-control are always better than brutality and petulance;

That there is "a power not of ourselves that makes for righteousness," and that any man is a fool that imagines he can cheat it;

That a good character is more to be prized than a good reputation;

That "the stars in their courses" fight for the man who is clean and decent;

That somehow, although it is often not apparent, this whole universe is so ordered that the man who is straight and square will arrive, and the man who is crooked and mean will not arrive.

And that honor, loyalty and modesty are qualities that are to be used everywhere and all the time, and make a man happier and more satisfied with his life than money or fame can do.

It is faith, then, that is the most soldierly of virtues.

It makes a good private, a good captain, and a good general.

The man that is without it is not to be depended on. Sooner or later he will find this universe just a gigantic trap to catch him.

No man is bigger than the sum of things.

No man is shrewd enough or clever enough to win when he pits his wits against the long wisdom of Almighty God.

General Foch and General Pershing are men of simple faith. The German leaders believed in expediency.

WEDLOCKED.

